Y.9.59

THE IDEA OF Christian Love.

Being a Translation, at the Instance of Mr. *WALLER*, of a Latin Sermon Upon *John* xiii. 34, 35.

Preach'd by Mr. EDWARD YOUNG, PREBEND of *SALISBURY*.

With a Large PARAPHRASE on Mr. *Waller's* POEM of Divine Love.

To which are added some Copies of VERSES from that Excellent Poetess Mrs. *Wharton*, with others to her.

——Hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, & tempestatibus urbis,
Verba Lyræ motura Sonum connectere dignor? Hor.

London, Printed for *Jonathan Robinson*, at the Golden-Lion in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1688.

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THE TRANSLATOR TO THE AUTHOR.

WHo Love, the Chriſtian's Duty, and his Praiſe,
In all the Beauties of your Pen ſurveys;
Seeing my Rythms, may the juſt cenſure paſs,
That here's a Matchleſs Di'mond ſet in Braſs:
Yet Latin, the moſt elegant and pure;
The Ignorance of moſt renders obſcure.
This may excuſe my creeping Engliſh Stile:
The Jewel is enhanc'd thus by its Foil.

Who propagated what our Saviour taught,

No Ornament from any Art had brought:

Barely to represent such Truths as these,

May be enough unbyass'd Minds to please;

But most these Golden Rules so much forsake,

That who applies them, Satyrs seems to make.

The Christian's Character is now reverst,

And Hatred for the truest Mark is nurst.

The fiercest Heats are varnish'd o're with Zeal;

Each Party thinks God their Decrees will Seal.

Were't in the Pow'r of Man Heav'ns Gate to close,

Many would be shut out whom God has chose:

Of Means which he appointed they'd deprive;

And to block up the narrow Way they strive.

Some to himself God from each Church do's call,

Delights to break down Man's Partiti'on-Wall;

And will at last unite us in a Peace,
Where ev'ry Term, not made by Christ, shall cease.
A Church is often a Procrusti'an Bed;
Happy the Man! who there can rest his Head,
Without the pain of be'ng stretcht out to reach
His Length, who would impose his Form of Speech:
Or else contracted to that scanty Size,
Which to a few confines the common prize:
While most, to whom the Terms appear less hard,
Cannot but grieve, that others are debarr'd
Of Benefits, encreasing as they're shar'd.
But Publick Good a Sacrifice is made,
To those, to whom Restraints become a Trade.
Great is Diana, is the gen'ral Voice;
For few observe what *Craftsmen* rais'd the Noise.

Who at his Neighbour's Liberty repines,
That gets no Profit by the *Silver Shrines?*
Good God! our Hearts so with thy Love inspire,
That ev'ry Earth-born Ardor may expire:
Let not a Flaming Sword forbid the Taste,
Of the fair Fruit in thy new *Eden* plac'd.
May we anticipate the State Above,
Where all Things in an unforc'd Order move,
Remote from all necessity but Love!

To

To Mrs. WHARTON.

WHen counterfeit *Aſtrea*'s luſtful Rage
Joyns to Debauch the too Effem'nate Age;
Draws an Embroider'd Curtain over Sin,
And jilts with Promiſes of Bliſs within:
'Tis time for you with all your Wealth of Thought,
Forth from your lov'd Retirement to be brought:
Thoſe Thoughts which Pie'ty to your ſelf endear,
Would ſtrangely taking to the World appear.
Who could be vicious, who had Vertue ſeen,
By you dreſt out, with its attractive Meen,
Thouſands of Graces hov'ring round the Scene?
You beſt can tell the Charms of vertu'ous Joy;
Deſpiſing *Venus* with her Wanton Boy.

Your Fancy, which ſo much of Heav'n do's view,
Could ne're deſcend low Pleaſures to purſue.
And when to us you the warm Rays impart,
Of Love Divine dancing about your Heart;
You will convert ſafter than ſhe ſeduce,
Teaching the *Epicure* Life's nobleſt uſe.
Far be that Scandal from Poetick Fires,
As if beſt Poets had moſt looſe Deſires,
If old Philoſophy Purgati'ons taught,
To fit the Mind for Loftineſs of Thought:
When 'twas no higher than dull Proſe to riſe,
Proſe which muſt keep below the Starry Skyes:
(For Verſe the only Language is Above,
Where all Things in Harmonious Numbers move):
How purg'd, how undefil'd ſhould be the Mind,
Which imitates the way of the Angelick kind!

From Mrs. WHARTON.

Diamonds conceal'd, their Luſtre may retain,
But Sacred Wit can never, hid, remain:
From what e're dark'ning Cloud it takes its Birth,
It, like the Riſing-Sun, glads half the Earth.
True Poeſy appears with decent Pride,
Not puffit with Praiſe, nor griev'd when Fools deride.
Free and Secure in its own proper Merit;
Scorns Envy (yet ſpurns back the flatt'ring Spirit.)
This makes me wonder you thus long conceal'd
A Talent, which to all ſhould be reveal'd:
And baſhfully decline the yielding Boughs,
Which *Daphne* offers to adorn your Brows.

Not

Not but that Minds best taught are most afraid,
To venture out when they for Glory trade.
An humble Mind doth every Path survey,
That leads to Fame, and sees how many stray:
Observes the steep Ascent to th' Sacred Ground,
Which Envy guards, and all new-Comers wounds:
Sees many when they are arriv'd so high,
They seem to grasp at Fame, and touch the Sky,
Whilst swell'd with Vanity they all deride;
Stumbling themselves upon the Rock of Pride:
By some more silent Traveller are croft,
Thrown from the Top, and all their Hopes are lost.
But let not this discourage, our Image
That humble Mind, which frighted flies for ease,
Unto the Cordial of reviving Praise.

Praise

Praiſe is the ſprightly Wine of growing Fame,
Adding moſt Life to the moſt fertile Brain;
(And like that always doth new Thought produce;
So when 'tis bad the Wine is its Excuſe.)
A truly humble Mind knows what is juſt,
When he ſeeks Praiſe through Vanity, or Thirſt.
And as he ſcorns the Fame that Flatt'ry gives,
He values what from Merit he receives.
This forces me with grateful Thanks to own,
I'm prais'd by one, whoſe Lines ſuch Skill have (ſhown,
That I now ought to prize what he eſteems,
And think there is ſome worth in my dull Rhymes.

To

To Mrs. WHARTON.

Who with Verſes to him, ſent her Anſwer to Mr. WALLER.

WHen that ſoft Hand whence *Waller* has his (Dues,
Streaks, and encourages my backward Muſe;
Feeds it with Praiſe, and teaches it to fly:
Not to attempt would be Stupidity.
She do's the Rev'rend Poet's Age renew,
With nobler Art than e're *Medea* knew:
'Twere hard if ſhe ſhould not the Young inſpire,
Whom with ſuch blooming Thoughts the Old admire.
See! how the Sacred Bard himſelf excells,
While on the Wonders of your Verſe he dwells.

But his exhalted Head how will it raise,

To be caught up to Heaven by your Praise!

To hear from Angel's Form an Angel's Voice

Warble his Name, how much must he rejoyce!

Those Animal Spirits which so closely join

Unto his Earthy part, a Guest Divine;

By this one Rapture strain'd and weaken'd more,

Than by the shock of Time and Thought before;

Not able to resist this added Force,

May leave the Soul, 'tis likely, to its Course.

Wing'd by your Praise 'twill to it's Rest retire,

And, *Phenix*-like, in chearful Flames expire.

Forth from the kindling Spices you arise,

And resgive way to you the Elder dyes:

Your Rise Prophetick is of his Decay.

Heav'n has, to see your Birth, indulg'd his Stay.

And

And, like Old *Simeon*, now he'l go in Peace,
When ſuch a Crown he to his Wiſhes ſees.
In Verſe's Empire, as of lower Things,
Succeſſors nam'd, take from the preſent Kings:
And thus this Prince of Verſe divides his Fame,
When he your Worth, and Title, do's proclaim.
While I, *Prometheus*-like, ſteal Fire from you,
To my bold Theft, what Punihment is due?
None can of you and *Waller* write in Proſe;
Yet none ſhould do't but whom kind Nature choſe.
Like *Icarus*, with borrow'd Wings I fly,

And with his Fate I ſoon extended lye.
I'th' Oce'an of your Praiſe I have been drown'd,
And am but floting on the Water found:
No ſigns of true Poetick Life appear,
But th' loſs will not deſerve a Lady's Tear;

A Lady's Tear's a Pearl of greater price,
Than any on the Eastern Shoars there lies:
But her Esteem's a Jewel far above
Ev'n her own Beauty, next unto her Love.
To slight what's consecrated thus by you,
Were both Injustice, and Profaneness too:
Your Stamp, like *Cæsar*'s Head, does value give;
Each Line approv'd by you, shall through all Ages live.

From Mrs. WHARTON.

SMall are the poor Returns which you receive,
For all the Pleaſure which your Verſes give;
Yet Gratitude obliges me to this;
Tho for your Pearls, I but return you Glaſs.
This *Indi'an* Traffick ſoon will tire you quite,
Unleſs you're pleas'd that others you delight.
And, if your Gen'rous Thoughts I rightly gueſs,
They aim at pleaſing, and they have Succeſs:
It is the Buſineſs, and the Scope of Wit;
Poems are ſeldom for the Authors writ,
But for the Readers; thus they labour ſtill,
Like harmleſs Bees, to ſerve another's Will.

Whilſt you I praiſe, Words flow methinks ſo faſt,
As if my working Thoughts were all in haſte.
Your Stile I may commend, whilſt your unknown:
No breach of Modeſty in this is ſhown.
Your Worth will force this Tribute from my Heart,
Nor can I backward be to praiſe Deſert.

A

Mrs. WHARTON'S

PARAPHRASE

Upon the 103*d* PSALM.

1. ADvance my Soul, and all thy Pow'rs (incline,
To praiſe the Lord, by whom thoſe Graces ſhine.
2. Praiſe him by whom are all thoſe Mercies giv'n,
Forget not him who rules both Earth and Heav'n:
3. He who forgives, and heals the wounded Mind;
He who to Mercy ever is inclin'd.
4. Who ſaves thy Life, and bleſſeth it with Food:
Who crowns thy Labours with abundant Good.

5. Who makes thy Years renew, and keeps thee (Young:

Joyful as Health, and, as the Eagle, ſtrong;

6. The Lord who judges between wrong and right:

7. To favour the Oppreſs'd is his Delight.

He who to *Moſes* ſhew'd his wond'rous Ways:

And *Iſr'el* taught to magnify his Praiſe.

8. The Lord who alway is to Peace inclin'd,

Who ſuffers long, & bears with th'humble Mind.

9. Gentle and Mild, unwilling yet to chide;

Soon he forgives, long will his Anger hide.

10. Tho we offend he will not puniſh ſtrait:

Our Sins are great before we feel their weight.

11. See how the Heav'n is far remov'd from Earth,

The Heav'n from which his Mercy takes its (birth;

So far is his Compassion rais'd above
The feeble Workings of a Mortal Love.

12. Wide is the Space thrô which the lab'ring Sun,
From East to West his daily course doth run;
Yet farther from us he our Sins hath plac'd,
As willing to forget our Errors past.

13. Paternal Kindness still in him remains,
And his creating Favours he maintains.

14. With those that fear him he'll not angry grow;
For he considers whence our Natures flow.
Who made us, knows he took us from the Earth;
Nor much expects to find from such a Birth.

15. The same Original hath ev'ry Flower;
And they, like us, have a short glori'ous Hour.

16. But with the Winds their Glories fly away;
They are not Proof against a Stormy Day.

Nor we, however high our Hopes advance,
Are Proof againſt a Blaſt of adverſe Chance.

17. His Mercy's laſting, and our Life is frail;
Which makes the Lord his gracious Gifts entail
On Children's Children, where his Laws are (known,
To them whoſe Works aſſent to Truths they own.

18. From Age to Age his Goodneſs hath been ſhown,

19. The mighty Lord, on High hath plac'd his (Throne;
Where he ſurveys the World which is his own.

20. Too weak am I, to ſing th' Eternal's Praiſe:
Ye Angels, your Celeſtial Voices raiſe!
Ye who excel in Strength, Wiſdom, and Pow'r,
(Alas! the Life of Man is as an Hour:)
Ye that have priviledg to ſee and hear
His wondrous Works, ſhould wondrous Works (declare.

21. But

21. But yet poor Mortals who are plac'd below,
May forward Wills by faint Endeavours ſhow.
We who are ſtill in Danger and Alarms,
Who 'gainſt Temptati'ons always are in Arms;
May yet endeavour to advance his Fame,
And he'l be pleas'd while we invoke his Name,
Whilſt all his Works his Greatneſs do proclaim.

22. But thou, my Soul! be never ſilent found:
Above the Clouds let thy loud Muſick ſound.
Let all who come to thee, by thee be taught
The mighty Works that by thy God are wrought.

TO ORINDA

Upon her PARAPHRASE *on the* 103*d* PSALM, *Sent with Verses to Himself.*

I.

IF *Orpheus* charm'd the Stones into a Dance;
He less the Pow'r of Sacred Song did shew,
Than, fair *Orinda*, 's felt from you;
Who to a Poet's Name,
And to be Candidate for Fame,
Ev'n duller me advance.

You,

You, like my Genius, move unseen,

Raise me, immersst in Business of the Barr,

My Lyre untun'd, the Strings at jarr;

(Suited unto that wrangling Scene)

Compose the Discords in my tuneless Mind;

A sudden Change I find:

Earth I despise, and Earthly Things,

And now, methinks, I mount before the *King* of *Kings*.

II.

He *David* taught to sing his Praise,

Warming his Heart with true Celestial Fire:

And you do's raise,

The *Prophet*'s Steps so nigh to trace;

That well we may,

Without blaspheming say,

You the same Spirit do's delight t' inspire.

We

We cannot say that Prophecies are ceas'd:
God fills the pious Poets Breast,
Assists the Faculties, and tho
He dictate not the Words they write,
Yet gives the Sense from which they flow;
And when tow'rds Heav'n they rise,
Still with new Force supplies,
First rais'd them on the Wing, and guides them in (their Flight.

III.

'Tis not in vain you bid the Angels sing,
Th' *Eternal's Praise*, they minister to you:
Yours and *David's* Harp they string,
Mingle themselves with ev'ry Song,
Keep off the *Demons* hov'ring in the Air,
Distil themselves like Dew
Of peaceful Night upon your Dreams;

And

And to the Morning keep th' Impression strong,
That Force, which makes the Pow'rs of Hell (despair
Of a Diversion from your Heav'nly Theams.
What less than Angels can the Honour guard
Of beauteous Ladies in the Flow'r of Youth;
Midst all the Flatt'ries of deluding Sense,
Teach them to value Truth,
And Truths Reward;
Before the Pomp and Show,
And ev'ry vain Pretence
Of Pleasure here below.
Blest Souls in whom their Beauty thus do's prove,
The truest Image seen by Mortal Eye,
Of the Perfections of our God most High,
Feasting themselves and us with the Creator's Love!

IV. If

IV.

If by this help I thus can rise
Unto those Beauties only Thought can reach;
Thought, which but dully dictates to the Speech,
(Yet Thought must here its Poverty confess)
You need not blush should my enlightned Eyes,
Behold that charming Dress,
Your Soul put on when it came cloath'd to view;
The Garment must its Innocence express;
And, like your Lines, inspire
With Love, and Reverence too,
A Love without a bold Desire;
A Lambent Flame,
Such as gives Light, and Warmth, but ne're (consumes:
The Light of Heav'n from whence it came.
Here none t'approach presumes,

With

With Fire less hallow'd than he lays
Upon the Altar when he prays:
Incense more pure is sacred Poetry is due,
Than from the Heathens would their chaste *Diana* drew.

V.

Heav'n seems to open, Angels to come down,
In lovely Vehicles of thick'ned Air,
And with a Glory, 'stead of Lawrel, crown
The Azure Temples of the teaching Fair:
While Men with Extasy attend her Lays,
Divinely let to the Almighty's Praise.
As Grace on Earth of endless Bliss,
Your happy Verse the Incoation is
Of that, in which you shall with Angels join,
When you above the Stars shall shine:

Free

Free from Pain, and free from Fear,
With ev'ry Object of your Care;
Where only Love and Harmony appear,
The Love and Harmony Immortal and Divine.

VI.

Sense of your own, Pity of others Wrong,
Shall give no Interrupti'on to your Song.
The ways of Providence so dark,
Not to be toucht by Hand prophane;
Left we with *Uzza*'s Guilt, have *Uzza*'s Pain,
Who fondly thought to help the tottring Ark;
You there will see the Clouds away,
In that bright everlasting Day;
Worthy of God, and of that Love,
With which he cherishes frail Mortal Race;

Whom

Whom oftne do's with temp'ral Evils prove,
Tries and Refines them in Affliction's Fire;
Until they're fitted for his Grace,
And thro'ly taught beyond this lower World t'aspire.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THrô the Printer's Mistake, the Verses from pag. vii. are misplac'd; having been intended to come in at the end.

THE

THE IDEA OF Christian Love.

PROEM To Mr. *WALLER*.

THE Taper shining with diminisht Rays,
While Noon-day Sun swallows its feeble Blaze;
Not valu'd as consider'd for its Light,
But what it shadows to th' internal Sight;
May be my Emblem, who the most obscure,
Of all who follow you their Cynosure,
Within your Province, and at your Command,
As a dim Taper on the Altar stand:
Tho small's my Portion of Poetick Fire,
I shew to others how they should aspire:

Love lights my Lamp, and gives it all its Flame,
'Tis Love I breath, and seek, Love I proclaim:
To think t' enlighten you when I have done,
Would be to light a Candle to the Sun;
If your Affections I can but excite,
I have my end, nor can you miss Delight.

CHrist his Disciples with effect to move,
To draw in the soft Yoak of Mutual Love;
Did to his Precept and Example join
The happy Fruit, *By this 'tis known ye're mine.*
To love 'tis certain a Command requires,
The Ardor of its self quickly expires:
As much it does a great Example need,
Its glim'ring Light in others few will heed:
Nor less Incitement wants the sluggish Mind,
To climb to the Ascent of Love enjoyn'd.

Let

Let's see the charming nature of this Love,
Which does the Character of Christians prove,
What in its self, to what our Hearts 'twould move.
This his Command our Saviour marks for new,
Not that its first Foundations there we view;
But as a Sanction it from him obtains,
And in each Age from him new Vigor gains:
Men's Tempers and their Manners this require.
Tho Love is the most natural Desire,
Mixt with our Beings, and refreshing found
In all the Exigencies Life surround,
The gratefull'st Passion, and most friendly Pow'r,
The Minds serene, the Bodies verdant Flow'r,
The Spirits poize, the Harmony oth' whole;
And when its opposite, takes the controul,

Disturbance, Torment, and Decay succeed:
Tho mutual Aid common occasions need,
And a Foundation of firm Union lay;
Whence for united Hearts and Souls we pray;
To this our publick Vows and Reason tend,
Nature to this seems with full course to bend;
Yet Sin, and Satan, Nature's dangerous Foes,
With such Impediments its way oppose,
That rare's the Love which long continues fair,
Time, and slight Accidents its force impair,
Wear off the Paint, and drive the Smoak to Air.
Self-Flatt'ry keeps to narrow Banks, confin'd,
What to enrich the neighb'ring Plain's design'd;
The Mind's Propensions, sweetning in a Stream,
Stagnate within, and send forth noxious steam.

How

How oft on Love does gnawing Envy prey,
Whose Arbitrary Laws while Men obey,
Against their dear Self-Love they blindly act,
And waft those Bowels, which they thus contract!
How oft does he whom Benefits have bound,
Think the meer owning them would Honour wound!
How oft Suspicion breeds ill-natur'd Leav'n!
How oft an Injury receiv'd or giv'n!
To hurt one whom you hate, 's thought less unjust,
Than one who in your Friendship places trust:
And thence, to colour 'ore the wrong you do,
Your injur'd Friend is held for constant Foe.
But only vulgar Dreggs thus meanly fail,
These Blemishes can't o're great Souls prevail:

Yet theſe, alas! incur too often blame,
For crim'nal ſtifling Lov's enobling Flame,
Diff'rence of Manners makes divided Minds,
Of *Jerom* and *Ruffinus* this one finds:
Opin'ions diſagreeing do the ſame:
Theſe tarniſh *Cyprian*'s and *Stephen*'s Fame;
Study of Parties, fatal oft to Love,
'Gainſt *Chryſoſtom* did *Epiphanius* move,
A Point of Ceremony unexpreſt
To *Greg'ry*, drove his *Baſil* from his Breaſt.
Ev'n *Paul* and *Barn'bas* ſtriving for controul,
Parted in Body; not to ſay, in Soul.
Great Names, ye ſee, I on this Head produce,
Specious Apologies for Love's abuſe,
Yet ought not they to ſerve for an Excuſe:

Tho they're great Inſtances that Love is frail;
Yet ought our Saviour's Precept to prevail:
Who from his Brother does his Love withdraw,
In that's a Traytor to the Chriſtian Law.
The Lord commands, and wilt thou, Wretch! (diſpute?
Wilt thou reſiſt Command ſo abſolute?
Command, good Lord! effectually command,
And grant I be not able to withſtand.
At thy Command from the rude formleſs heap,
Beauty and pleaſing Order forth did leap;
From Void came Solids, and from Nothing All,
The Winds and raging Seas obey thy call.
Thou doſt the madneſs of the People quell;
So tame my Heart! that there ſweet Love may (dwell:

With his Example Christ this Precept binds,
To imitate his Love would raise our Minds.
Under the Jewish Institutes, was set
Provision made for Love's Sincerity;
Yet much the Duty wanted of its weight,
When Self-Love only was to set the rate;
Who makes in loving others this his bound,
To come far short of Duty will be found:
Themselves indeed all Men sincerely love,
Blind and imprudent, yet that Love does prove;
Fondly indulging unrestrain'd Desires,
Men think they answer what that Law requires,
Flatter themselves, and blow up Nature's Fires;
And this they think is justice to their Friend,
When nothing's more perfidious in the end:

Nothing

Nothing more dangerously insinuates Vice,
To which that mask of Friendship does entice,
Sin in Self-Love thus propagates the Sin;
Hence was a nobler Rule justly brought in.
How to love others, ask not Flesh and Blood,
Too often leading you from what is good;
But let Christ's Love to you, your Pattern be,
Contemplate that for Manner, and Degree:
Let your Affections in that order lye,
By that the Errors mend, Defects supply.
See what Christ's Love to us does recommend,
The Choice he made, the Measure, and the End.
Choice did I say? 'twas rather without Choice;
In that both High and Low, All, may rejoice.
The weak and indigent, ungrateful too,
He lov'd, nor doubt my Soul! but he lov'd you.

Ye love, O Men, but with a Love so nice,
Unjust, or cunning, that your Love's a Vice.
Ye seek the Great, the Rich, the apt to lend,
The chearful, courteous, and facetious Friend;
On these the Offices of Love ye spend.
Advantages ye with each other shift,
And that is made a Trade which should be Gift;
Pleasure or Profit at the bottom lye,
Without that Sauce your Appetites soon dye.
Can this a Vertue be, or Duty thought,
Or th'imitation of what Christ has taught?
Th'innate Propensions while they thus do flow,
Meer Artifice, and Baits for Pleasure grow.
Under Christ's Banner they that would be found,
Him always for their Patterh must propound;

He

He lov'd the poor, and deſtitute of Aid,
Their want the only Obligation laid.
Thoſe who nor ſought, nor merited, he lov'd,
The motive to their Cure their Sickneſs prov'd.
Thoſe who reſiſted the bleſt Aid he brought,
Tho ſtrugling, in his ſaving Arms he caught.
No other Charms, or Shadows of Delight,
Did his warm Love to Human Race invite.
This, Chriſtian! ſhould thy ſole inducement be,
That Love's thy Duty, as thy Head lov'd thee;
This Reaſon will to all Mankind extend:
But if for grounds you cautiouſly ſuſpend,
For cauſes which Reaſon and Fancy weigh;
Faction to Sides, Lightneſs to new will ſway:
And thus for Love you take its meer diſguiſe,
You labour for the Shadow of a Prize.

Our

Our Lord liv'd with an equal, constant Mind,
No Age shall see his Love from his disjoin'd:
But what is yours which wavers with the wind?
Whom now into your greedy Arms you take,
The subject of your Rail'ry soon you make:
One for a Friend you out of Conscience chuse,
This in regard to Glory you refuse:
You envy this Man's good, this Man's consult,
Here at a loss you grieve, there you insult:
To one you give, another's Fame you take;
That Man you free, a Snare for others make.
What means this double Dealing, double Heart?
As much as may be Sir! act the same part.
Be but one Man, either be wholly wise,
Or wholly Wisdom's sacred Lore despise,

If

(If as delightful 'tis to play the Fool,
As glorious to improve in Wiſdom's School;)
If you'd have praiſe, act always by one Rule.
St. *Peter*, when he would an Abſtract ſhow
O'th' Life of Love incarnate, while below,
Says his whole buſineſs lay in doing good;
The bound, the end of Love's thus underſtood.
They've felt no ſpark of this Celeſtial Fire,
Who in their Love but gratify deſire:
Who trafficks with Affections, ſells good turns,
Little the end of Sacred Love diſcerns.
That doing good its ſole reward obtains:
And this endears to us our Saviour's pains;
Who gave himſelf to his, of his free Grace,
No Caution, no Reſerve with him had place.

He

He lov'd through Midnight watchings, wasting Toil,
Loss of Life's Comforts, and ev'n Life's despoil.
To thee, O Christian, Death, Life, Damage, Gain,
Leasure, Turmoils, Disgrace, Fame, Quiet, Pain,
Are all to be past by without regard,
When you're from doing good by either barr'd.
Does this seem difficult? 'Twill less appear,
If you consider what's the Fruit 'twill bear:
Than Fame more fair, than Peace more void of Strife,
Than Gain more gainful, Life has less of Life.
And with this Thought support your sinking Mind,
That he'll in's Trade sufficient profit find,
Who has for Temporal Loss Eternal Goods consign'd.

But what in Love does ſo much pains require?
Does the ignoble part draw forth deſire?
That which our Eyes diſcern, and Fingers feel?
Muſt this be cultivated with ſuch Zeal?
This can't deſerve all that is ſquandred thus,
The Soul, 'tis evident, is all of us.
Theſe Offices he wofully miſpends,
Who ought beyond the Soul in Love intends:
Does it in meeting, talking, laughing, lye?
This they may do who ne'r its force did try.
Is't the ſame Studies, Counſels, Joys t'approve?
Ill Men do this, yet who can ſay they love?
Is't liberally to give of Fortun's ſtore?
Their Love's as rich who beg from door to door.
What's all Men's duty they at home may view,
Souls are Love's Subjects, and its Objects too.

To

To guide the Deiform immortal Souls,
Whose sinful Wanderings Satan here controuls;
This is a work which truly Love becomes,
The best Account of our entrusted Sums.
Christ who twice fed the Crowd well fed away,
With Bread of Life feasted their Souls each day;
Shewing by an Example diffream'd,
That those should the least benefits be deem'd,
Which turn to Fat, to Wealth, or pompous Train,
Vain in themselves, in their Effects as vain.
Those are the noblest instances of Love,
Which cure Affections, & Men's minds improve.
They cannot love, I'le own, who'r giv'n to spare,
For 'tis attended with the Body's care:
Nor can the Wicked, who neglect the Mind:
Their cost on Bodies they will useless find;
The Gift is lost, which has not good counsel join'd.

True Love and Probity are always Twins,
Neither alone encreaſes, or begins:
Leave loving, and your Probity is gone;
Leave Probity, and what is Love alone?
In proper Offices how can it ſhoot,
Which thus lies wither'd at the very Root?
The bad t' each other Pleaſures may endear,
Chearful and entertaining they appear;
But ſoon the Sky is clouded, now ſo clear.
In Love ill-founded, and maintain'd with Sin,
Soon Wearineſs, and then Contempt begin;
True Love's more permanent, a Ray Divine,
Shot down from Heav'n, moves thither, there (ſhall ſhine:
Thither delights to lead the happy Friend,
Afraid of all things that to ill may tend:

Each Day improves the Solace of this Love,
An Incoation of the State Above.
O happy end of Love, worthy our pains!
When thus Inhabitants for Heav'n it gains:
But Art is needful here as well as Will,
If we'd the Laws of Christian Love fulfil.
When Christ to draw Men to this Love did seek,
Come learn of me he says, *for I am meek.*
Meekness the gentlest Art, sweetest of Charms,
All Pow'r t' oppose insensibly disarms.
Ill Vessels make most gen'rous Wines decay,
And good turns lose their value by their way;
The manner of the doing gives the taste,
A Gift giv'n sourly, but runs out to waste:
Who without Temper the best Counsel give,
But irritate those they'd from ill retrieve.

If

If Pride or Sharpneſs thus the Office blend,
Who can expect to ſee a better end?
If therefore well to act what's good you heed,
And would have the beſt Offices ſucceed;
Love mildly, nor believe Love can reſide
In Hearts ſtretcht out with Anger, or with Pride.
Oh! but you'l ſay, "*Religion lyes at ſtake,*
"*Their Faith with God, & then with Men they break;*
"Pity'ing the Men, you proſecute their Sin,
"And this does from a Chriſtian Zeal begin,
With this pretence a Liberty you'd find,
For th' ebullitions of a bitter Mind:
Your ſecret whiſperings, and clam'rous noiſe,
Produce effects at which your Foes rejoice.
Is this your Zeal? did Chriſt in this precede,
Who as the Chryſtal all Men's Hearts did read?

Did he expoſe the Sins within his view?
To open Railers he did pity ſhew;
Paſt by their Scoffs who would not him receive,
The lapſes too of them that did believe,
Tho they his Spir't did ev'ry moment grieve:
To his Betrayer Lenity did ſhew,
Which might all Malice leſs than his ſubdue.
How mildly he reprov'd! pardon'd how ſoon!
The quick and winning manner crown'd the Boon.
He ne're Indulgence gave to the leaſt Luſt,
Yet was a Judg as Merciful as Juſt:
With ill, tho not permitted, yet did bear,
Waiting a time when they Love's call might hear:
Well knowing human Pravity, like Fire
Conceal'd, will often of it ſelf expire:

But when expos'd to Air, and Wind, it lay,
The riſing Flame devour'd all in's way.
Thus in faint Shadows I Chriſt's Love deſcribe:
If you'l be his Diſciples him tranſcribe.
What! Chriſt's Diſciples! 'tis a Name ſo great,
With Glory the Relation ſo repleat;
Titles to Crowns, and all that glitters here,
Compar'd with this, fall far below your care.
Ambition here is honeſt, worthy praiſe;
Nothing but Love can to this Honour raiſe:
When at the Heart Love takes a quickning Root,
Diſcipleſhip will in fair Branches ſhoot:
The Man in ev'ry Vertue will improve,
Diſtinguiſh'd by Protection from Above:
And Love, indeed, is of a wond'rous force,
To carry on the Soul in Vertues courſe.

Call'd by th'Apoſtle, who its Nature ſaw,
Perfections Bond, Fulfiller of the Law:
It of a ſudden mounts us to the Skies,
And without Prophets, Miracles ſupplies.
2 *King.* 2. 21. This like *Eliſha*'s Salt ſinging the Springs,
A Sovereign ſweetneſs to the Fountain brings:
Rivers of Pleaſures thence come ſtreaming out,
Grateful to Men, refreſhing all about.
About ſoft Love how many Graces dance!
How patiently does it Requeſts advance!
With how great Fortitude bears each Event!
How liberally both ſpends it! and is ſpent!
How piouſly, while it does God regard,
It acts what human Reas'nings reckon hard!
Routs, Riots, Quarrels, cauſes of Offence,
To be in Manners ſtiff, perverſe in Senſe,

In Love's unnatural, as for flame to fall,
Or Sun-Beams mix with Filth from th' Earthly (Ball.
This in a word the Chriſtian's form is known,
By this diſtinction to the World they're ſhown;
From this the nature Chriſt requires they take;
This makes them, what nothing but this can (make.
Knowledg may want of Duty, Zeal be blind,
And warmeſt Hope a diſappointment find:
Not ſo with Love; it knows, performs, obtains,
And what's equivalent to all, it gains,
The bleſs'd aſſurance o'th' Almighty's Smiles,
Earneſt of future Pay, Reward of preſent Toils.
How great God's ſacred Family appear'd!
How ſtrong its Conſtitution! How rever'd!

To th'Envy of its Foes, and Satan's ſhame,
When Heathens did their fervent Love proclaim!
Without the force of Arms, flouriſh of Arts,
Or ſly Contrivances, they conquer'd Hearts.
Religion guarded with the Heavenly Aid,
And arm'd with Love, vaſt Acquiſitions made.
But when thro Wealth, and Pride, Faith grew (exil'd,
To ſee the Chriſtians arm the *Ethnicks* ſmil'd.
All things from that time Retrograde became,
The Date of Antichriſt we this may name.
Nor better Chances ſhould thoſe Servants meet,
Whoſe Maſter does in vain command, intreat:
While they prefer their ſlaviſh vain Deſires,
Before the gen'rous Freedom he requires:
Then did the Church of *Epheſus* decline;
That Church which in full Luſtre once did ſhine,
When

When its firſt Love maintain'd leſs vigorous heat,
That Sign St. *John* markt of the Spi'rit's Retreat,
This may to others om'nous Aſpect bear,
T' avert the Omen well deſerves their care.
Methinks I hear one whiſper, " *Look at home,*
" *Guard well the Ark, the Philiſtins are come.*
If ſo it is, How think you to preſerve
Religion, and the Altars where you ſerve?
Let's worſhip God with undivided Hearts,
And love each other, free from ſoothing Arts;
No other Counſel, Skill, or Troops we need,
Love unarray'd did always beſt ſucceed.
This private Men, and Churches know, for true:
Thus with God's Aid we ſhall our Foes ſubdue,
(If by ſoft Methods we can't win them all)
Or with like Glory triumph, tho we fall.

Thou

Thou, Lord moſt merciful! whoſe pitying Eye,
Sees with what Needs and Frailties preſt we lye!
Prepare our Hearts to fear with Filial Awe,
And duely mourn the Breaches of thy Law;
Give us at laſt, what thou doſt firſt command,
To love, that in thy Love we ever bleſt may ſtand.

OF

Divine Love.

Mr. *WALLER.*

THE Grecian Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phœbus* is arriv'd,
Frail Deities, which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their Rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better Age?
When not from *Helicon*'s imagin'd Spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing.

Paraphraſe.

Paraphr. I.

The Grecian Gods are known meer Fables all,
The Poets who invok'd their Aid,
And ſeem'd from thence to fetch that Fire,
Which warm'd their Verſe, or mov'd their Lyre,
Themſelves thoſe Deities had made;
And did before their own Creation fall.
Out of their Brains thoſe Gods did ſpring,
What e're of *Pallas* out of *Jove*'s they ſing;
Tho theſe their Figments now are gon,
And all their Altars trampl'd on;
Yet ſtill they pleaſe us with their lofty Vein,
There's ſomething in their Verſe which ever ſhall (remain.
If fancy'd Gods ſuch Heats could raiſe,
As even to us a warmth convey;
With what exalted Numbers ſhould we praiſe

The Father of Eternal Life and Day!
How great Advantages have we to rise!
Who have the Image of the Heav'nly Mind
In Sacred Writ to us consign'd,
Where th' length, and breadth, and depth of Love
(Divine, surprize!

Mr. *Waller.*

This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun:
Before this Oracle, like *Dagon*, all
The false Pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall;
Long since despis'd, and silent; they afford
Honour and Triumph to th' Eternal Word.

Paraphr. II.

As soon as Natures outward Vest was made,
Before it was embroider'd o're with Light,
A large Foundation for my Verse was laid:

The

The Beams of Goodneſs then expreſs'd,

Job. 38. 7. Made ev'n *the Morning Stars* more bleſs'd,
And fill'd that glitt'ring Hoſt with new delight.

The *Sons of God* in Conſort ſang,
And Anthems through the *Empyreum* rang.

But when the Lamp of Heav'n expires,
And the account of Time is gon,
Matter of Praiſe to God ſhall ſtill run on,
And Man ſhall join with the immortal Quires.

The Div'l, in *Delphick Oracles* admir'd,
While with Events their doubtful Senſe comply'd,
At God's bright Word imbody'd, ſoon retir'd,
Forc'd in his own Abyſs his Head to hide:
Yet thither did its Influence deſcend,
And in new Fetters bound the gnaſhing Fiend.

The Progress of that *Soul of Love*,
With all its Triumphs over Death and Hell,
We have recorded from Above,
In Transcripts which the *Sybills* Leaves excel.
Before these Oracles the thundring *Baal*,
And all the Heathen Gods do fall;
For here the Spirit of our God does dwell:
Th' eternal Word, which spake the Universe,
Affords the hallow'd Theam of my aspiring Verse.

Mr. *Waller*.

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd:
So has this Book Intitled us to Heav'n,
And Rules to guide us to that Mansion given;
Tells the Conditions how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledg for the great Author's Aid.

His

His Power in Natures ampler Book we find:
But the leſs Volume do's expreſs his Mind.

Paraph. III.

Some late Philoſophers raiſe Earth to Heav'n,
While it they 'mongſt the wandring Planets place:
But Heav'n to Earth extended is by Grace,
Not only in a fair deſcription giv'n,
For Faith to feaſt upon
(Such as our finite Senſe can bear)
Of the unbounded Pleaſures there,
Which of it ſelf is ſome Fruition:
But th' emanations of the Light Divine,
Which in the Goſpel ſhine,
Make out our Title to that bliſs,
Where God himſelf circled with Glory is.

Invite

Invite and Lead us to the promis'd Land,
And are an earneſt Penny giv'n in Hand,
Of that moſt gracious Aid,
By which God loves to perfect what he made:
For Humane Breaſt he ne're would fire,
With thoughts of Immortality,
But with deſign to crown deſire,
Which he himſelf had rais'd ſo high.
The Works of the *Almighty*'s Hand,
In Nature's maſſy Book recorded ſtand:
But that great Mind,
Which thoſe ſtupendious Works deſign'd,
In the leſs Volume is expreſs'd;
The Footſteps of our *God* are there confeſs'd;
Where Mercy ruling over all his Works we find.

Mr. *Waller*.

This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught
That his bleſs'd Gods vouchſafe us not a thought,
But, unconcern'd, let all below them ſlide,
As Fortune do's, or Human Wiſdom guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the Sacred Yoak,
And Band of all Society is broke.
What uſe of Oaths, of Promiſe, or of Teſt,
When Men regard no God but Intereſt?
What endleſs Wars would jealous Nations tear,
If none Above did Witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet juſt;)
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our Falſhood and our Shame.
To know our Thoughts the Object of his Eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep to'ards being good, or wiſe.

For

For tho with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect.
Slaves to their Paſſion, Reaſon Men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His Fear, to guard us from our Selves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our Reaſon do's exceed.

Paraph. IV.

When Man came warm from his Creator's Hand,
Before he yeilded to his tempting Wife,
And Clouds had dampt the Breath of Life,
How fair an Emblem of his Maker did he ſtand!
Not *Aaron*'s Breaſt-plate, nor yet *Moſes*'s Face,
When from the Holy Hill
He brought the Tranſcript of the Laws Divine,
Did with ſuch Glory ſhine,
As Man before he fell from Grace,

When him, his always preſent *God*, did fill.
The Laws which *Moſes* brought
Into his very Frame were wrought,
His Duty was Divinely taught:
Tho then his Heart no Table were of Stone,
It might have kept till now the bright Inſcription:
But *ſenſual Love* did more with Man prevail,
Than all the Powers of Hell could do.
Did not the Woman woo,
The lively Stamp of Heav'n ſure could not fail.
Againſt all other Ills Man might provide;
Who could ſuſpect a Dart from his own Side?
Or a foul *Aſmodeus* with a Bride?
From his own Rib, dreſs'd by an Hand Divine,
So very beautiful, ſo wondrous fine,
How could he Ruine fear?

But ſuch Divinity below,
Man from his unſeen God did bear,
Who Ignorance of his Duty choſe, for what he there
(did know.

V.

God's Spirit thence became eſtrang'd,
The *kind Familiar* with Regret withdrew,
Mans Heart & Countenance were ſo much chang'd,
That his own handy work God hardly knew:
Yet ſtill the Beams of Light Divine
God did not to his Heav'n confine;
Where e're the Holy *Patriarchs* went
Its welcome Warmth was lent.
That which to *Iſrael*'s choſen Race
A Pillar was of Fire,
Leading them o're the Scorching Plain;
Until the Son of God was ſlain,

Far from their Tents did ne're retire;
But ſtill in various ways God ſhew'd his ſtinted Grace;
But when the ſtubborn *Jews*
Did the laſt proffer of that Grace refuſe,
Whereby he did them his peculiar People chuſe;
Eternal *Love* broke from its narrow bound,
And viſited the chearful World around;
It Lighted up in every Breaſt
That Candle of the Lord,
Reaſon, which ſoon thoſe Truths confeſs'd,
Contain'd in the Divine Record,
Which did the vain Diſputers of the World confound.

VI.

Had *Epicurus* once beheld
So much of God below,
As Holy Writ do's ſhow;

It had his dang'rous Errors quell'd:
He could not then have thought that Chance,
Had made the World thro Atomes lucky dance:
And that *th' Eternal Pow'r* had left to Fate,
What he did neither order nor create.
Had this Philosophy prevail'd,
Mankind e're this had fail'd,
Or turn'd to Brutes, had on each other prey'd:
In vain were any Compacts made,
When there were nought but human Pow'r to awe;
Each would his Neighbour's Right invade,
When Art or Force could free him from the Law.
Religion is the Bond of Peace;
The want of that dissolv's Societies.
An humble Love, and awful Dread,
Of th' *unseen Pow'r*, secures us here.

While 'tis a Judgment, and the Conſequence,
Upon Mens Unbelief,
(Which they deſerve, and whence they juſtly fear)
What e're they have lies without Fence;
And if it fail, their Hopes have no relief:
But what hereafter muſt the faithleſs Wretches bear.

VII.

Take but the thoughts of Heav'n away,
And Earth would turn to an *Akeldama*.
Yet while Men hurry'd on to Sin,
Something would whiſper them within,
And bid them mind a ſacred Gueſt;
Which ſigh's and griev's to turn a Slave,
Where Nature it an Empire gave,
And till it conquers *Hyle* cannot reſt.
The firſt aſſiſtance which it has to riſe,

In the Belief of th' *Godhead* lies.
Philosophy a *God* may find,
Before it can discern the Ill
Of all things that oppose his Will;
Or read the Lines he wrote upon the Mind.
Self-Love arising from our Flesh and Blood,
Darken's the Characters of good.
When present Pleasure courts the easy Sense,
'Tis hard to think it sinful to comply:
But in the thought of God a Charm do's lye;
The Contemplation of his Purity,
Affords a strong Defence.
Our Souls we thence as by a *Mirror* dress;
And this do's many'a wand'ring Thought repress.
Yet after all uncertain is th' Effect,
Since Will determines, not the Intellect.

And

And Men, enslav'd to Passion's sway,
Use Reason but to progg for Appetite;
And carry'd on with warm Delights,
Make the poor Captive Sovereign obey:
Till Scripture working on our Passions too,
Prevailing on our Hope or Fear,
(Those Tyrants which so domineer)
Laying the Misery and Bliss in view,
As we the broad or narrow Path pursue;
Charm's us into an happy State,
To which for all Mankind it opens wide the Gate.

Mr. Waller.

For tho Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
His Mercy this, (which all his Works excells,)
His tender Kindness and Compassion tells:

While

While we inform'd by that Celestial Book,
Into the Bowels of our Maker look;
Love there reveal'd, which never shall have End,
Nor had Beginning, shall our Song commend;
Describe it self, and warm us with that Flame,
Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

Paraph. VIII.

God's Glory, Heav'n, that does his Love declare;
Love, which is God, does open lye,
Exhibited to Mortal Eye,
Within th' instructing Pages there.
That Attribute which was our God's Delight,
Before he made the Sons of Light,
While the Immense, *Three One*,
Did entertain Himself alone,
And shall for ever with him stay,

When

When there's no Change of Night and Day:
That Essence of the Deity,
Which in a Living Flame,
From Heaven to bless us came,
Shall be the Subject of my Poetry;
That shall it self describe, warming my Verse & Me.

Mr. *Waller.*

The fear of Hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savour's too much of private Interest.
This mov'd not *Moses*, nor the Zealous *Paul*,
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all.
A greater yet, from Heav'n to Earth descends,
To save, and make his Enemies his Friends.
What Line of Praise can fathom such a Love,
Which reach'd the lowest Bottom from Above?

Paraph.

Paraph. IX.

They're narrow Souls who seeks their private ends,
Without regard to Relatives, or Friends.
Not so did *Moses*, and the Zealous *Paul*,
Who of th' Extent of human Kindness stand,
Examples to us all.
Meek Moses was content to see the Land,
To'ards which his murmuring Friends he led,
And then laid down his Aged Head,
Singing his *Requiem*; for his Work was done,
As soon as *Israel's* Rest begun.
But, as 'tis thought, this humble Soul
Much farther yet did reach,
While he by Love was carryed on;
And tho by Faith he knew
Of an Immortal Roll,

Where

Where he ſtood Enter'd with the choſen few,
Ordain'd to be tranſported o're,
From off this horrid Shore,
'Gainſt which ſo many Tempeſts roar,
Unto a Land of endleſs Life and Bliſs;
Yet trembling on the naked Beach,
Under a careleſs Preterition,
Contented was to lie,
Left deſtitute of more than common Aid,
To ſtruggle for that bleſt Eternity,
Which the Decree of Heav'n to him had certain made.

X.

St. *Paul* a Man of warmer Temper was:
Yet this degree of Love he could not paſs:
Finding his Brethren ſhut without the Pail,
Depriv'd of that peculiar Grace,

Which

Which ne're th' inclos'd within the Church can fail;
In pious Rant he wisht with them to change his Place.

But how much greater was that Love,
Which the Eternal *Word* did move,
Quitting the full Poſſeſſion
Of all the Glories of his Father's Throne,
To take our Fleſh, and ſuffer Pain,
That he his Enemies might gain,
And all their Obſtacles to Bliſs remove?
Who can his Thoughts to heights ſufficient raiſe?
Or what Expreſſions can he find,
To ſute th' *Ideas* flitting in his Mind,
When he this unexampl'd Act of Love would praiſe?

Mr;

Mr. Waller.

The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
From Heav'n to Earth, measur'd but half that space;
The Lawless Reigns, and confin'd his Thought;
Hell was [illegible]
Heav'n was scarce heard [illegible]
To make the Region where Love triumphs, known.

Paraph. XI.

The antient *Prophets*, that *Seraphick Tribe*,
Who did Divine Benignity describe,
While the Dominion of the Law did last,
And Clouds the Sun of Righteousness o're cast;
Had more contracted Theams,
To influence their Holy Dreams:
Through Heav'n and Earth God's Grace it self had

But Hell its Power had never known,
And Heav'n it self was darkly drawn,
Till the bright Day did dawn,
Which shew'd on Earth God's only Son;
He a free Prospect of that Region brought,
Where Light, and Joy, and Love, do far exceed all Thought.

Mr. *Waller.*

That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perswade.
For Love it was that first created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new Grace
On things disposed to their proper Place:
Some to Rest here, and some to shine Above,
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n were all th' Effects of Love.

And Love would be return'd, but thus but none
That to themselves or others yet were known.
The World a Pallace was, without a Guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest;
One like the Author, whose capacious Mind
Might by the glorious Work, the Maker find:
Might measure Heav'n, and give each Star a Name,
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame.
Over the Globe with Swelling Sails might go;
And that 'tis round by his Experience know.
Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will,
And serve his Use the fertil Earth to Till.
When by his Word God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a Council call:
Employ'd his Hand to give the Dust he took,
A Graceful Figure and Majestick Look,

With his own Breath convey'd into his Breast,
Life, and a Soul, fit to command the rest:
Worthy alone to celebrate his Name,
For such a Gift, and tell from whence it came,
Birds sing his Praises in a wilder Note,
But not with lasting Numbers, and with Thought,
Mans great Prerogative ——————

Paraph. XII.

Love in the Bosom of the Godhead lay,
Before the Creatures into Being rose:
Through this to frame the World he chose;
He spake, and passive Matter did obey.
That Spirit which did on the Waters move,
And with its brooding Wings hatcht Vital Heat,
Which spreading o're the formless Deep,
Did the *Worlds* outward Lines compleat;

Was nothing else but mighty Love.

Whence charming Symmetry did smiling leap,

And through the gloomy heap,

Diffus'd a grateful Light

That Beauty, Glory, with its horrid Night

When the Proportions finisht were,

Love then the Features and the Graces drew,

About the rising World it flew,

Distinguisht and adorn'd the Waters, Earth and Air.

A Stately Pallace it did build,

And furnisht to amazement every Room;

Curious Plantations round about it made,

With Grassy Walks, which ever Green did shade;

And Fruit-Trees interspersed were

Enricht with Fruit, or gay with Bloom,

Each Herb, and Plant, and Flow'r that was there;

With

With many an Ayliary was fill'd upon
And Entertainments for the Eye,
Of all the Beasts that move, or Birds that fly,
And Creeping things in vast variety,
As if to Object some great Inhabitant, were laid.

XII.

This glorious Scene, with more than Verse can sing,
Being prepar'd by *the Eternal King*;
Man newly cast i'th' Heav'nly Mold,
From off his flowry Bed do's rise,
He casts about his wondring Eyes,
And do's with springing Joy behold
The lavishly'd Beauties on Earth's Bosom spread:
But as to Heav'n he rais'd his Head,
And saw that *Orb of Light*,
Which shot it self into his sight;

Unpractis'd Reason rose above that Sphear:
Then wheresoe'ere he look'd he found
The presence of a God appear,
Who from his Holy Seat, touch'd *Adam*'s Heart,
And did Devotion's warmth impart
As *Phœbus*'s Beams from Heav'n do strike the (Ground.
What's for Man's Use or his Diversion here,
From God's meer Word and careless Fiat came:
But Man, his Image, his own Hand did frame,
By the Idea he in Counsel wrought;
Th' Effect of calm Debate, and deepest Thought:
He fill'd his working Breast
With an Etherial Flame,
And with the Breath of Life he had himself impress't.

XIV.

Him his Vicegerent o're the World did make:

And Marks of Empire in his Face,

And Countenance erect did place;

Which also Monitors might prove,

To mind him of his Debt to praise that Love,

From whence he did, what e're he is, partake.

Next to the Angels, Man alone

Is fit to aim at Praises due

To that bless't Pow'r, who from his Starry Throne,

Surveys, and blesses, what through him we doe.

The Birds do warble out his Praise

In pretty tuneful Notes;

They to his Glory strain their Throats,

And ev'n in us an Emulation raise.

Yet here 'tis Man alone can Tribute bring,

Of lasting Numbers, and of weighty Thought,
Unto the Altars of the Heav'nly King.
Who will no Service pay but what sound Reason brought.
Angels which struggle not with Flesh and Blood,
To whom it is their Nature to be good,
Can be but what they are;
While Man with Reason rises by Degrees,
Feels with his Love his Happiness increase,
And still comes nigher Heav'n till he at last be there.

XV.

Man, in his better part,
Little inferiour to the Pow'rs Above,
In full Fruition of Eternal Love;
Upon the Wings of Thought aspires,
To warm himself with the bright Heav'nly Fires:
And with a wond'rous Art
Thus

Derives from thence

Some knowledg of their secret Influence;

By Numbers sacred Magick views,

The Heights and Distances which each obtain;

And the Directions learns to use,

Of *Lada*'s Sons, and *Charles* his Wain,

On the unbeaten Paths of the tempestu'ous Main.

XVI.

But when the Lamps of Heav'n enclos'd

Within the Sable Curtains of the Night,

Afford no friendly Light,

But leave him to wide Seas expos'd;

Thrô Nat'ral Magick, then succeeding to Divine,

The trembling Needle proves a steddy Guide;

As that does to its Pole incline,

He finds where's shatter'd Ship does ride.

Thus

Thus Love, the Loadstone of allaring Love,

Touching the render Heart,

Glides with a gentle, trembling thro' each part;

And a safe Guide to Happiness does prove

Where this Magnetick Force prevails,

There needs no Cynosure,

The Passage to secure,

As thro' Life's troubled Seas one sails

Yet no true Harbour can be found,

Where all the Labours of the wand'ring Soul,

Can with Success be crown'd,

Until it ever rest fixt to its radiant Pole.

Mr. *Waller*.

——————————But above all

His Grace abounds in his new Favorites fall,

If

If he creates, it is a World he makes;
If he be angry, the Greatest shakes;
From his just Wrath our guilty Parents fled:
He curs'd the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's Head.
Amidst the Storm his Bounty did exceed,
In the rich Promise of the Virgin's Seed.

Paraph. XVII.

That Love which takes the whole Creation in,
Strange Paradox! chiefly abounds
In the new Fav'rites shameful sin,
When Satan first began his Rounds.
Without a Fall Man ne're to Heav'n could rise:
'Tis from the Brink of Hell we reach the Skyes.
Had Man in Paradise continued still,
He never had unhappy been;
His Mind had always been serene.

Nor

Not taken up with care to live,
Or any Accident to make him grieve,
Yet this would not have given the Soul its fill.
That which brought Love to dwell on Earth,
And from a Virgin have its glorious Birth,
Did justly raise our Hopes to such Degree,
That we may say, Bliss came from Miserie.
The Serpent's Poyson brought the Spirit of Life:
Nor could we ever have receiv'd a Crown,
Unless the fatal Strife
Had brought the Son of God to Raise us when (w'were down.

Mr. *Waller*.

Tho Justice Death, as Satisfaction craves,
Love finds a Way to pluck us from our Graves;
Not willing Terror should his Image move:
He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love.

His

His Son descends to Treat a Peace with those,
Which were, and must have ever been his Foes.
Poor he became, and left his Glorious Seat,
To make us Humble, and to make us Great.
His Business here, was Happiness to give,
To those whose Malice would not let him live.

Paraph. XVIII.

God's Image planted in the Human Breast,
Sin had desac'd, and Misery oppress't;
Nor could they look for less to come,
Than an Eternity of Woes,
Who of themselves were thus become,
To the Almighty Pow'r perpetual Foes;
Yet for their sake the Darling Son,
Who in his Bosom equal lay;
Through *Love* prevailing on his Choice, was won,

Here

Here to possess an House of Clay;
And bear all Incidents to Mortal State,
To Rescue us from our deserved Fate.
Man's Sin did interrupt his Bliss;
As by Earth's Vapors Heav'n beclouded is.
Nor could the Throne of Glory please,
With all the Happiness Above,
Whilst us in Sin he wearing sees,
An Object which might well Divine Compassion move!
Himself he humbled, to exalt
Those who lay low through their own Fault,
When first they did from Heav'n, and Him, revolt.
His only Bus'ness, while he sojourn'd here,
Was Happiness to give
To those, who would not let him live,
Nor the Reproach of his unspotted Life could bear.

Mr.

Legions of Angels which he might have us'd,
For us resolv'd to perish, he refus'd
While they stood ready to prevent his Fall,
Love took him up and nail'd him to the Cross.
Immortal Love, which in his Bowels reign'd!
That we might be by such a Love constrain'd
To make Return of Love. Upon this Pole
Our Duty do's, and our Religion rowl.
To Love is to believe, to hope, to know:
'Tis an Essay, a Taste, of Heav'n below.

Paraph. XIX.

In vain had all the Pow'rs of Earth, and Hell,
Against his Life conspir'd,
Had he the Ministry requir'd
Of the bright Troop, made to Attend his Will.

He suffered Man his Blood to spill;
And for their first a willing Sacrifice he fell,
When from this Vale of Miseries,
He might have gone directly to the Skyes,
And th' utmost Regions of Eternal Day;
Love nail'd him to the Cross, & stop't him by the way.
Shall not such Love as this constrain,
To make Return of Love again?
Was Love for Love ever a Pain?
And shall our Saviour Love and dye for us, in vain?
Hard-hearted Man, who when his Duty lies
In answering Nature's most delightful Tyes;
Cannot be soft enough to Love, and to be wise!
Love is the whole of Man;
'Tis Faith, 'tis Hope, 'tis Knowledg too;
'Tis an Essay of Heav'n below:
Who Loves most warmly is the truest Christian.

Mr.

He to proud Potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none,
Till Love appear, we live in anxious Doubt;
But Smoak will vanish when that Flame breaks out.
This is the Fire that would consume our Dross:
Refine, and make us richer by the Loss.

XX.

The Great Men's Favour, or Applause,
Christ fought not, but contemn'd their Noise:
Did for Disciples take
Men of low Fortunes, but exalted Minds
(Where Love the heartiest welcome finds:)
Their Love in them the Object of his Love did make.
Proud Potentates, with all their Train,
Did unsuccessfully pursue,

While Curiosity, or Hate
Did their Enquiries animate;
Which better than themselves he knew:
But th' Intibble Lover never sought in vain.
Love gives assurance to the pious Mind,
And do's the Clouds of Doubts dispel
From the glad Heart, which was a Smoaky Cell.
Our Dross is by this Fire refin'd;
And how much more of that we lose,
The well-try'd Soul the richer grow's:
How great's the Price when nought but Love is left behind!

Mr. *Waller*.

Could we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,
We should agree as Angels do Above.
Where Love presides, not Vice alone do's find
No Entrance there, but Vertues stay behind;

Both

Both Faith, and Hope, and all the meaner Train
Of Moral Vertues, at the Door remain:
Love only Enters as a Native there,
For Born in Heav'n, it do's but ſojourn here.

Paraph. XXI.

How bleſſed were our Earthly State!
How like to Angels ſhould we be!
If we could lay aſide Debate,
And in Celeſtial Love agree!
Love which do's ev'n in Heav'n preſide,
And there flow's in with Glory's conſtant Tide!
From whence not Vice alone muſt fly,
But all the meaner Train
Of Vertues muſt behind remain:
Both Faith and Hope muſt dye,
While Love for ever lives in Extaſy.

It do's but wander here from home,
Not having where to rest its Head,
'Ere since the Son of God was dead;
When fair *Astræa* truly fled;
A Native 'tis of Heav'n, & mourns still there it come.

Mr. *Waller*.

He that alone, would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others Love as well as he:
Love as he lov'd: How can we soar so high?
He can add Wings when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this Command dismay'd;
He that Example gives, will give his Aid.
For he took Flesh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practice as a Pattern may prevail.
His Love at once, and Dread, instructs our Thought;
A Man he suffered, and as God he taught.

Will for the Deed he takes; we may with ease
Obedient be; For if we Love we please.
Weak tho we are, to Love is no hard task,
And Love for Love is all that Heav'n do's ask.

Paraph. XXII.

Our God bears no Competitour,
In Wisdom, or in Pow'r;
But is so kind to make our Duty lie,
In rivalling that Love,
Which do's from him its Fountain flow;
Whose Streams in us he will improve,
Till we with him one Ocean grow.
Perfection he would have in Love,
And tho our Mortal Pow'rs can't mount so high,
To reach the Nature of the Deity;
Yet he sufficient Strength inspires,
Out of our Selves enabling us to move.

Himself trac'd out the Paths he'd have us take;
Suffer'd as Man, while yet as God he spake:
To shew that Man may do what God requires,
Where he Commands he gives the Pow'r t'obey;
And if to him he bids us rise,
He readily with Wings supplies;
And guides us on our way.
Nothing is Man's but his Free Will,
He of himself is impotent to Good:
When our Good Will is understood,
Assistances Divine our Faculties will fill,
We may obedient be with ease,
For, if we love, we please.
Love is the whole of us desir'd,
We're Objects which the Godhead move,
When once our Hearts with that are fir'd:
And sure 'tis no hard Task to render Love for Love.

Mr.

Mr. *Waller.*

Love that would all Men juſt and temp'rate make,
Kind to themſelves, and others for his ſake.
'Tis with our Minds as with a fertile Ground,
Wanting this Love they muſt with Weeds abound;
Unruly Paſſions, whoſe Effects are worſe
Than Thorns and Thiſtles ſpringing from the Curſe.

Paraph. XXIII.

Love is a Deity in Mortal Breaſt,
Working it up to full Perfection;
Nor can the Sacred Inmate reſt,
Till it the Man diveſt
Of ev'ry ſurly Paſſion.
It makes us temp'rate, makes us juſt;
Raiſes from groveling in the Duſt:
Through that we are afraid,

To violate what God has made:
We hurt not others, not defile
God's Image ſtamp't on our own Souls;
But that, (Alas! too fertile Soil)
Unleſs ſweet Love controuls,
The other Paſſions Earthy in allay,
In their Effects much worſe,
Than Thorns & Thiſtles ſpringing from the Curſe;
Will run up too too faſt, and bear a fatal Sway.

Mr. *Waller.*

To Glory, Man, or Miſery, is born,
Of his proud Foe, the Envy, or the Scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extream,
Baſe in himſelf, but Great in Heav'ns eſteem.
With Love, of all created things, the beſt;
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt.

For

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their Hunger lasts, and then give 'ore.
Man's Boundless Avarice his Want exceeds,
And on his Neighbours round about him, feeds.
His Pride and vain Ambition are so vast,
That, Deluge-like, they lay whole Nations waste.

Paragraph. XXIV.

Man of a middle Nature is,
And trembling stands betwixt two vast Extreams,
Ready to fall to Hell, or rise to Bliss;
As Love withdraws, or yeilds its quick'ning Beams:
That, to the envy of our Spiritual Foe,
Array's us in pure Robes of Light,
If that forsake us, we're a dismal Sight,
And into Scorn, and a meer By-word grow:
The Div'l can scarce vouchsafe a Look so low.

But

But yet how vile for'ne we are;
If Love but shoot its gen'rous Flame,
Through our complying Frame,
We in the Eye of Heav'n are Great, and Fair.
Of all the Creatures here,
The Human Nature's nighest the Divine,
While Love's within the Shrine,
Without it the rempteſt do's appear.
When Savage Beasts pursue,
But while they're hungry, or their Prey in view;
And never hunt about for more than Food:
Man, boundless in his Appetite,
Ev'n in the Mischief do's delight,
And frames unto himself a Good,
Which Nature never understood;
In laying Plots but to destroy,

What

What he himſelf cannot enjoy.
The ruine of the weeping Neighbours round,
To Avarice, or the Ambitious Thought,
Is a too narrow Bound:
A Deluge of Deſtruction brought,
To take whole Nations in,
And ſwallow up the publick Peace,
With them's a glorious Sin;
They hugg themſelves in ſuch Contrivances as theſe.

Mr. *Waller*.

Debauches and Exceſs, tho with leſs Noiſe,
As great a portion of Mankind deſtroy's.
The Beaſts, and Monſters, *Hercules* oppreſt,
Might in that Age ſome Provinces infeſt.
Theſe more deſtructive Monſters are the Bane
Of every Age, and in all Nations raign:

But

But soon would vanish if the World were blest'd
With Sacred Love, by which they are repress'd.

Paraph. XXV.

Love clears the Earthy Dreggs away,
Which would ferment within,
Making us eager with tumult'ous Sin,
Which brings our fretting Bodies to decay.
Debauches, more destructive far,
Than livid Plague, or bloody War;
In every Nation sway.
Tho *Hercules* might Monsters quell,
And the *Augean* Stables clean,
From horrid Filth, and Beasts obscene:
His Labours were much more confin'd
Than Love's, whose Task is all Mankind;

The

The Place leſs foul, Monſters leſs fell,
Than what Love cleanſes, and ſubdues in Humane (Mind.

Mr. *Waller.*

Impendent Death, and Guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful Gueſts, which here with Mortals dwell.
And a vext Conſcience mingling with their Joy,
Thoughts of Diſpair do's their whole Life annoy.
But Love appearing, all thoſe Terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented dye.
They in whoſe Breaſt this Sacred Love has place,
Death, as a Paſſage to their Joy, embrace.

Paraph. XXVI.

When the firſt Clouds o're Human Mind were (ſpread,
And Vapours from the Earth preſs't Love Divine,
Which kept, with Innocence, a conſtant ſhine;

Man's

Man's humble Confidence and Courage fled:
Darkneſs and Terror ſeiz'd his Soul;
He felt within a gnawing Pain;
An Omen, and an Earneſt too,
Of Death, and that enſuing Woe,
In which he muſt for ever rowl;
If Love reſign him to a worſe controul,
Leaving his rav'nous Luſts to raign:
Yet all the Anguiſh and Diſpair,
Which here the Wretches Entrails tear,
But a faint proſpect ſhow,
Of what for him hereafter muſt remain.
All other Comforts do with Love retire,
'Tis that which keeps our Spirits up,
And ſweetens the moſt bitter Cup:
And did not Grace renew its Fire

After

After Man's Fall, all Travellers Below would tire:
Nor can they mount Above,
But on the Wings of Love:
That do's with Comforts here ſupply,
And carry's us to Heaven when we dye:
Whither we oft before in Flames of Love did fly.

Mr. *Waller.*

Clouds and thick Vapours which obſcure the Day,
The Sun's Victor'ous Beams may chaſe away:
Thoſe which our Life corrupt and darken, Love
The Nobler Star, muſt from the Soul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the Year;
This brighter Sun moves in a boundleſs Sphere:
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels and admits no Night.

Paraph.

Paraph. XXVII.

As the Sun Vapours, Love do's us exhale,
Do's by Degrees refine,
And make us all Divine;
Melting away what e're was frail,
That which at first was cloud,
And did the Lightsome Body shroud,
Will turn into that active Orb,
Which never leaves its course till it the whole absorb.
Whatever Spots may in that Sun appear;
Which guides the Day, and bounds the Year,
The Sun of Love, in Heav'n its Sphere,
Is with unblemish'd Lustre, bright:
If here but a weak Twilight keeps,
And Day through Cloudy Curtains peeps:
What thought can reach those Raptures of Delight,
Which

Which do those blessed Souls await,
Who freed from every Earthly weight,
And all the Seeds of dull Mortality,
In an Eternal Sunshine lye,
Under great *Love*'s transforming Eye;
Which works their Bodies to a Spiritual Frame,
And guilds them over with that Flame;
Which do's th' Angelique Host array!
That Joy, that Glory, that perpetual Day;
Of which an adequate *Idea* were
Ev'n Heav'n it self Below;
Do's from the Beatifick Vision flow,
Of Everlasting *Love*, smiling from's Starry Chair.

Mr. *Waller*.

This Iron Age so fradulent and bold,
Touch'd with this Love would be an Age of Gold:

Not as they faign'd, that Oaks ſhould Honey drop;
Or Land neglected bear an unſown Crop.

Paragh. XXVIII.

This Iron Age, the very Droſs of Time,
Love would with alterative touch ſublime,
And bring again the Golden Prime:
Not ſuch as lazy Poets idly feign
In Phlegmatick Old Saturn's Reign;
While Nature, prodigal o'th' beaut'ous ſtore,
Requir'd no Courtſhip to unlock her Heart,
But like a Proſtitute, and eaſy Whore,
Did to each Comer all her Wealth impart.
But tho Dame Nature's more reſerv'd and coy,
And looks for Labour and the utmoſt Care,
Of them who would her Favours ſhare;
And many after all cannot the leaſt enjoy:

Love, which diffus'd, is Charity;
Would all Mankind ſupply;
While he who did ſucceſsful prove,
(And here Succeſs is all)
Be'ing taught Humanity by God-like Love,
Would think himſelf bound to divide,
To them whoſe Needs did call;
As much as to prevent his own Child's fall.
A Plank caſt out to ſinking Men,
Bore down ill Fortune's unreſiſted Tide,
With a rich Lading do's return agen.
What ſolid Joy! what ſober Pride,
From a good Act effective ſprings!
Nor Field, nor Traffick, ſuch Improvement brings:
A charitable Man's a God Below:
And with his raiſed Head do's touch the Sky:

While others turn'd to Beasts of Prey,
Upon the Ground in wait for Mischief lye;
Nor Pleasures more exalted know,
Than what a Wolf enjoys tearing a bleating Stray.

Mr. *Waller*.

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either Sow or Reap:
Our ready Help, and Mutual Love would yeild,
A nobler Harvest than the richest Field.
Famine and Dearth confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of Hearts.
Some pine for Want, where others Surfeit now,
But then we should the use of Plenty know,
Love would betwixt the Rich and Needy stand,
And spread Heav'ns Bounty with an equal Hand;
At once the Givers and Receivers bless;
Encrease their Joy, and make their Suff'rings less.

Paraph.

Paraph. XXIX.

'Twas want of Love which firſt gave price to Gold,
When they to whom kind Heav'n did lend,
More than their Families could ſpend,
And of the Overplus its Stewards made;
The Sacred Truſt betray'd,
And what they ſhould diſtribute baſely ſold.
This put the Scepter into Fortune's Hand,
And ſhe who was deſpis'd before,
By Man's conſent a Crown Imperi'al wore;
With Life and Death put under her Command.
Her Frown gave Ruin to whole Families,
Without her Favour none could riſe.
While Men might take out of the common Store,
And no Man treaſur'd for himſelf alone,
Nor ought beyond his Needs eſteem'd his own;

None were unfortunate, or poor.
Nature is bountiful, Man is not so:
But when her flatt'ning Streams would flow,
Enriching all the Plains below;
Men with their Damms divert her Course,
And into narrow Bounds diffusive Nature force.

XXX.

All things would easy be and cheap,
Did Love the Key of the great Store-house keep:
If here the Earth deceive the Lab'rers Toil,
Another meets with more returning Soil.
Famine and Dearth never from Nature came,
She always gave enough for all:
If to engrossing Hands it fall;
'Tis not the barren Land, but barren Heart,
Which ought to bear the blame;

The

The Heart where Love did never ſhine,
Or one compaſſio'nating Ray impart.
Love would not ſuffer ſome for Want to pine,
While others Surfeit with exceſs;
And turn into a Curſe, what was ordain'd to bleſs.
Love like a Fav'rite Miniſter of Heav'n,
That ne're to execute its Wrath was ſent,
But many 'a threatning Vial did prevent,
With Pow'r Divine of Bleſſing giv'n;
Betwixt the Scramblers of the Earth would ſtand,
And ſpread its Riches with an equal Hand.
He whoſe Endeavours did the beſt ſucceed,
Would think his Riches lay in helping others need.

Mr. *Waller.*

Who for himſelf no Miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with Nature for the People's ſake.

Paraph. XXXI.

The Lord of all things while he travell'd here,
Found the whole World was Canton'd out;
And nothing left for th'Universal Heir,
Besides a breathing Place i'th' open Air.
Nor having where to rest his Head,
Or Table for his Hunger spread:
With Pilgrim's Weed, and Fare, wandring about.
Yet Nature but his Handmaid was,
Nor could have disobey'd his Voice;
If of her Stock he had but made his Choice,
The Stewards must have let it pass.
Nay Stony Hearts, or Doors of Brass,
Could not the winged Wealth have kept;
All things would to their Lord have gladly leapt.
Were the Earth's Fruits not fit for taste;

Ev'n at his Touch they'd into Ripeneſs haſte,
A Miracle was nothing more
Than an exertion of his Natural Pow'r,
Yet freely did he rigid Chances bear,
And, but for others wants, would not a God appear.

Mr. *Waller*.

He that long Faſting would no Wonder ſhow,
Made Loaves and Fiſhes, as they eat them, grow,
Of all his Pow'r which boundleſs was Above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his Love.
And ſuch a Love would make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other Mouths we feed.

Paraph. XXXII.

When th' utmoſt Streſs on's Human Nature lay,
Through Faſting ready juſt to faint away;
While Satan o're him did inſulting ſtand,

Hoping

Hoping when spent he'd fall his Prey;
He would not the least Miracle command,
But when desire of Spirit'al Food
Drew to his Side the hungry Multitude;
Love soon engag'd his Pow'r Divine;
And then he was a God indeed,
When he created Food unto their need;
And did by wonderful Production Thousands dine.
What e're he did while here Below,
Came from the Principle of Love.
Love was the Vertue which did from him flow.
His Meat, and Drink, were to fulfil
His Heav'nly Father's Will,
Of doing good to Men.
If his Disciples we'd our Selves approve,
No Victory would yeild us so much joy,

As

As taking from ill Fate Pow'r to deſtroy
Thoſe, whom the Monſter hurry'd to its Den:
Bringing moſt comfortable Aid,
To them were poſting to th' Infernal Shade;
Worn out with waſting Woes, yet ſtill of worſe (afraid.

Mr. *Waller*.

Laws would be uſeleſs which rude Nature awe,
Love changing Nature would prevent the Law.
Tygers and Lions into Dens we thruſt,
But milder Creatures with their Freedom truſt,
Devils are chain'd and tremble: But the Spouſe
No Force but Love, nor Bond but Bounty, knows.
Men whom we now ſo fierce and dang'rous ſee,
Would Guardian Angels to each other be.
Such Wonders can this mighty Love perform;
Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love,

Love, what *Isaiah* prophesied can do,
Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low.
Humble the Lofty, the Dejected raise,
Smooth and make streight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, strong as Death, and, like it, levels all,
With that possest, the Great in Title fall;
Themselves esteem'd but equal to the least,
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has blest.
This Love, the Center of our Union, can
Alone bestow compleat Repose on Man;
Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,
And Foreign Strife among the Nations cease.

Paraph. XXXIII.

As Love decay'd, Men sunk below their kind,
Thence to Humanity they're Strangers found,
The Brutal part Superior to the Mind:

Where

Where gen'rous Lions ſpare, they meanly wound,
And their wild Luſts ſpread Death and Plagues around.
The Hopes or Terrors of a Future State,
Have with the moſt but little weight;
If they can ſolace here, they'll leave the reſt to Fate.
Wherefore 'twas needful ſudden Pain,
And Puniſhment expected here,
Should the bold Head-ſtrong Bruits reſtrain.
A Lion or a Bear i'th' way,
Would ſtop a Paſſion in its full Carier:
And what Temptation could prevail,
When all the Spirits ſink and fail;
The Pleaſure diſſipated by the Fear?
This made the thinking part of Human kind,
Who had obſerv'd each turning of the Mind;

And coul'd the Wilder into Tameness streak;
Devils, with Laws, the stubborn Necks to Yoak:
With Spikes of Steel the Yoaks were set;
Mars did not struggle more in vain,
When caught in sooty *Vulcan*'s Net,
Than they to break what they themselves ordain:
With Mulcts ill-Habits, by degrees, are broke:
But as poor Lunatick, that feels his fit
From lucid Intervals, his Spirits alarm;
Do's to those welcom Cords submit,
Which may prevent his threatned Harm:
Yet at full-Tide of the Disease,
Whatever keeps from Mischief do's displease:
So 'tis with Man in yeilding to the Law;
Which do's th' Impulses of depraved Nature awe.

XXXIV.

But Love all this would ſuperſede,
That is a gentle Law within,
Which with ſweet Force ſubdues the Law of Sin:
Love's Votaries no Rigors need:
All things are quiet where its *Halcyons* breed.
A ſmiling Calm do's ſmooth the Face,
Where Love ſits brooding at the Heart:
Where e're it comes it ſcatters many'a Grace;
And do's a melting Warmth impart,
Which would diſſolve the hardeſt Stone:
But with what Radiancy it ſhines,
When it has Female Wax to work upon!
Where it from little Coyneſſes refines,
And in one Will the Wife and Husband joyns.

All Ties but Love are laid aside,
Duty's a Word that would divide;
What's askt in Love, was ne're by Love deny'd.
A pleasing Symphony each other charms;
As they go bound one in the others Arms.
While Div'ls are chain'd, and Div'l like Meh;
In loathsom Prisons lie confin'd;
And like fierce Tygers shut up in a Den;
With their vain Ravings spent, sullenly grieve;
Where Love emancipates the Mind,
The Man's as free as unpent Air,
Yet can no more Love's Object leave;
When he has chose the good and fair,
Than he to taste Joys unforbidden can forbear.

XXXV.

XXXV.

For working Wonders Love has mighty Pow'r,
Strange Transformations it can make;
They whoſe Delight was to devour,
A diff'rent gentle Nature take:
From Beaſts to Men, from Men t'Angellick kind,
By that we Changes in an Inſtant find.
Heav'ns winged Miniſters, ſent out to guard
The choſen few to Manſions there prepar'd;
Hardly more vigilant and tender prove,
Than they who Metamorphos'd are by Love.
Love can *Iſaiah*'s Prophecy fulfil,
Exalt the Vale, lay low the Hill;
Raiſe them that are Below, and humble thoſe Above.
No Man ſo high, but would rejoice to fall
To a great Soul, who ſtands the Mark of Fate;

Yet, ſpite of envious Fortune, will be Great:
And God himſelf to th' Spectacle do's call,
To ſee him, like an unmov'd Rock,
Stand the rude Billows empty ſhock,
And daſh them back into the Face of Heav'n:
Until, ſo well ſuch brave Adventures pleaſe,
God ſmooths the Surface of the raging Seas;
And lets him reach Love's Haven then with eaſe.

Through Love alone our Happineſs is giv'n,
Our Glory there, and here our Peace.
And did this Rule, Wars would amongſt the Nations ceaſe.

Mr. *Waller*.

No Martial Trumpet ſhould diſturb our Reſt,
Nor Princes Arm, tho to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where for the Tomb ſo many Heros taught,
By thoſe that guided their Devotion, fought:
Thrice

Thrice happy we! could we like Ardour have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave:
Love as he lov'd. A Love ſo unconfin'd,
With Arms extended, would embrace Mankind:
Self-Love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many Selves as Men;
All of one Family, in Blood Ally'd;
His precious Blood that for our Ranſom dy'd.

Paraph. XXXVI.

The Drums or Trumpets horrid ſound
Would not the boding Heart with Terror wound;
Nor would the Princes cloath themſelves with (Steel,
(While they, than that, no more relentings feel)
Tho 'twere to gain our Saviour's Monument:
And, like the Ark from the curſt Philiſtines,
To bring it unto *Iſrael*'s happy Tent.

Many brave Lives were loſt in ſuch Deſigns,
Whilſt ſubtile Men, wheadling the Heros in,
Did unobſerv'd to Empire riſe;
Theſe did ſome uſeleſs Lawrels win:
But they enjoy'd the ſolid Prize.
How might we pity ſuch miſguided Zeal!
How much theſe Heros would behind us come!
If we like Tranſports of Deſire could feel
To gain his Love, as they to win his Tomb.
And if his Love could ours excite
To labour at an equal height,
With that which would embrace Mankind;
And grieves to ſee ſo many lagg behind,
For want of Love to Wing them to his Arms.
Did we that Pattern emulate,
Self-Love would wholly ceaſe;

Or elſe it ſelf o're Human Race dilate,
While each another Self in's Neighbour ſees,
Whoſe ev'ry Vein the ſame Blood warms;
That Blood which virt'ally was ſhed,
An *Antidote*, as ſoon as Sin's firſt Poyſon ſpread.

Mr. *Waller.*

Tho the Creation, ſo Divinely Taught,
Prints ſuch a lively Image in our Thought,
That the firſt Spark of new created Light
From *Chaos* ſtruck, affects our preſent Sight:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt,
The Day of Riſing than the Day of Reſt:
That every Week might new occaſion give,
To make his Triumph in their Mem'ry Live.

Paraph. XXXVII.

To make the World, and in it Man,
Th' Almighty Architect t' Adore,
Do's less of Love Divine declare,
Than his decayed Image to repair;
And when with Sins 'twas sullied o're,
Its former Luster to restore.
Tho the Description giv'n us from Above,
Of God's first Workmanship do's strongely move;
And 'tis so lively drawn,
That ev'n the first Days dawn,
Seems to affect our present Sight,
As if we saw the new created Light
Just out of *Chaos* raise its beamy Head;
While, as the Hemisphere it smiling spread,
In haste the frightful Shadows fled,

And

And the approach of unknown Day,
Diſperſt the *Damons* which here wall'wing lay:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians juſtly choſe,
To praiſe that Day when God from's Grave aroſe;
Before his Reſt, when the great Work was done:
And thus each Week they celebrate the riſing Sun.

Mr. *Waller*.

Then let our Muſe compoſe a Sacred Charm,
To keep his Blood among us ever warm;
And ſinging, as the Bleſſed do Above,
With our laſt Breath dilate this Flame of Love.
But on ſo vaſt a Subject who can find,
Words that may reach th' *Ideas* of his Mind?
Our Language fails, or if it could ſupply,
What Mortal Thought can raiſe it ſelf ſo high?

Despairing here we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our Heart.

Paraph. XXXVIII.

Then let our Muse transported with his praise,
Unto his Memory an Altar raise,
And each Lord's Day offer devoted Lays.
Singing and spreading out the Flame of Love,
Until it touch the Flaming Seat Above;
Where in its Element the Soul shall rest,
With the Reward of *Love* for ever blest;
Love, the *Ambrosia* at the Heav'nly Feast.
Who can those thronging Images express,
That fill the Mind intent on such a Theam?
We here must needs our Poverty confess,
Where what we think is less than what we feel.
An Angels Hand with a Sun Beam,

Might

Might such a Subject trace;

While we poor Earth-born Race,

Despairing to describe its meaneſt Grace;

Contentedly may reſt,

Having this Deity within our Breaſt:

Tho meanly lodg'd, there it delights to dwell,

If we cheriſh it with care;

Th' Endearments paſſing there,

No Tongue can tell,

No Thought can reach;

The Mind's confounded when 'twould dictate to the Speech.

(Mr. *Waller.*)

But tho we find this Sacred Task too hard,

Yet the Deſign, th'Endeavour, brings Reward.

The Contemplation do's ſuſpend our Woe,

And makes a Truce with all the Ills we know.

As

As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit from the sound
Of *David's* Harp a present Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muse engage,
No Wounds are felt of Fortune, or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate, is Peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Paraph. XXXIX.

Yet the Design, the bare Endeavour brings
Reward, beyond the Crowns of Kings:
The Swan can feel no Pain, that dying sings.
And he who thinks of Sacred Love,
Do's with that Contemplation tune his Mind;
Nor can what from without do's move,
Disturb the Musick he within do's find.
While that about the Soul do's play,
All Ills and Evil Spirits keep away.

Not

Not *David*'s Harp with ſweeter eaſe,
Did charm the Furious *Saul*,
And make his rayiſht Madneſs fall;
Than this ſuſpends our raging Woes:
We know not how we loſe
The Thoughts of what we were before:
And, while that Harmony takes up the Soul,
Nothing about us can diſpleaſe:
Love to it Self converts the whole,
We juſt are knocking at Heav'ns Door,
Being with all the World at Peace;
Juſt, juſt approaching to become meer Deities,

Mr. *Waller.*

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind,

The

The Soul contending to that Light to fly,
From her dark Cell, we practise how to dye:
Employing thus the Poets winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our Heart.
Joy so compleat, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no Place for meaner Pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gon.
When from the East the rising Sun comes on.

Paraph. XL.

With what surprize of Joy do we admire
Infinite Love, mixt with unbounded Pow'r?
The Flames all Lambent, which might well (devour
Us, who lay under the Almighty's Ire;
Till he the Image of his Love Divine,
Sent down on Earth to shine;

And

And be a Leading Light,
To them that groap'd in gloomy Night,
Where Spectres of Eternal Death affright:
And raiſe them to *Love*'s Glorious Throne,
Whither the Soul may often fly
Upon the Wings of Contemplation,
Abſtracted from its ſordid Cell;
And that bleſt Time anticipate,
When free from ev'ry Weight,
Nor ſubject more to Fate,
We ſhall to live for ever dye;
And leave our Inn Below, in Heav'n to dwell,
The nobleſt Riſe, and boldeſt Flights
That thitherward are made,
Are by the Muſes Aid.
Verſe ſoftens, and prepares for thoſe Delights,

Which

Which Angels do in Numbers sing:
Numbers, which raise the Soul upon the Wing,
And to the Beatifick view,
Of *Love*'s bright Face, do bring:
Where Holy *David* singing to his Lyre,
Sits with the highest of the Heav'nly Quire;
Telling his Bliss in Verses ever new.
The thoughts of Joys, so solid and severe,
Aim'd at in Verse by Mortal Poets here,
Make meaner Pleasures shrink away;
As the less Lights, the Stars, when *Phœbus* brings (the Day.

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